NIGHT TAKES PAWN

Everything here was illusion, dream, game. The mirrors reflected mirrors which reflected still more mirrors. It was designed to be that way. It was said that dreams lived in this place, and Kirk had come here again to test the truth of that.

He glanced about at the lavish furnishings of one of the most elaborate pleasure palaces in the know galaxy and had to suppress a smile of personal satisfaction. This place wasn't new to him; he'd been here a dozen times with at least a dozen different women. But tonight wasn't the same, he reminded himself, with a twinge of anticipation. Tonight was for Spock. Tonight was for drowning himself in the Vulcan's dark power. Tonight was for escape and dreams, for leaving the nightmare of the Empire far behind.

He stripped off his uniform, stacking it in a neat pile on a chair. He'd be waiting, he decided. Waiting for Spock like a virgin sacrifice on the altar of primitive passion. He grinned devilishly. He was hardly a virgin, with Spock or otherwise, but it was a game he had wanted to play for a long time. The thought intrigued him as he remembered his previous visits to this place and others like it When the roles had been different. Always before, Kirk had been the ruler, the King among his female pawns. But now.... Tonight he would be the Pawn in the Vulcan's command--as he had been only once before--an untouched virgin Pawn for the King of Night.

The human paced around the room, glancing out the single window on the south side and down to the secluded garden pools where at least twenty uninhibited couples of varying species and sexes were splashing about in divergent forms of love-making.

A room with a view, he thought, smiling wryly. He let the sights below fill his mind while one hand strayed to his stiffening cock, toying with it as he watched an Andorian female being driven to the heights of ecstasy by a well-endowed Orion male. The flame orange Orion provided an oddly pleasurable contrast to the pale blue skin of the Andorian as their bodies meshed and melded together again and again. Kirk soon became so engrossed in the ballet below that he didn't hear the door open as the Vulcan entered.

Spock moved with feline stealth. Slowly, he eased out of his uniform and let it fall softly to the floor. The sight of the human silhouetted against the darkening sky made his breath quicken, his desire mount. He knew his Captain's game--perhaps better than Kirk did. For months he had waited for this night...when he would possess Kirk again...when the human would come to him of his own desire.

Refusing to bond, Kirk had nonetheless saved him in pon farr, when his desire had fixed on this tempting, infuriating human. Kirk had demanded payment again and again for the wild passion of that night. Payment in pain and pleasure. Flaunting the women he took to his bed. Ordering Spock to submit to him...a submission strangely sweet, even when Kirk had been cruel. Now his Captain's trust had been reestablished, and with it desire.

For the Vulcan that desire burned as fiercely as the first time. He concealed his hunger well, pretending aloofness as he moved up behind Kirk, watching the human stroking his own cock. Carefully, he edged up closer until his breath blew hot agianst Kirk's bare neck.

Startled, the human whirled about, cat-eyes wide with surprise. Then he drew himself up, refusing to admit that moment of vulnerability. Deliberately letting his gaze drift down to where his hand was clutching his own throbbing organ, his nervous smile transformed itself into a devious grin.

"I was thinking of starting without you," he whispered, stroking his fingers across the taut flesh to entice the dark presence before him.

Spock took a deep breath, controlling the surge of fire in his loins. He reached out to grasp the human's fingers, bending his wrist back until it was almost-but-not-quite-painful. Taking command He saw Kirk wince...hating it...loving it...wanting more. Spock caught the other hand and raised them both to the wall, pinioning Kirk to the open window. The Vulcan glanced out over the gardens to where the cool yellow sun was sinking below the horizon, sending long black fingers of shadow reaching across the land.

"I come as the night," Spock murmured enigmatically. A ritual phrase, intoned. "In darkness I come for you, James Kirk."

Kirk felt every cell in his body awaken to that velvet voice. It was what he wanted to hear. He licked his lips, feeling a sharp anticipation that had been absent too long. It frightened him a little, the power the Vulcan held over him, but it also kindled the flame in his own blood.

"It's been a long time, Spock...a long time since we've been away from the Empire together," Kirk said nervously. His arms tensed beneath Spock's hard grasp. Part of him trying to deny the very thing he wanted, the very thing he had come here to give.

"Indeed." Spock raised an eyebrow as he casually studied the man before him. He could feel waves of desire emanating from the human, and he was determined to make this stolen time together everything Kirk wanted it to be. Whatever game the human chose, Spock could play it. He smiled wickedly, knowing he could play these scenarios well now, perhaps as well as this sorceror starship captain.

He leaned forward until his beard tickled the human's neck. then nipped along the throbbing artery which led up behind the ear. "I trust you have not forgotten how to submit to me," he murmured, pressing the full length of his body against Kirk's. He felt the human tremble, but didn't know whether it was deliberate or genuine.

Kirk jerked away from the sharp teeth which held his neck, and raised his eyes defiantly. "I've never submitted to anyone," he said firmly. But his heart was pounding. It was like the first time, and he wanted all those first time feelings again. The fear. The primal, forbidden desire. Captain's denial. Cornered animal's hatred. Human's love. Final melting submission to Spock's blazing power.

The eyebrow climbed, taunting him. "Then I shall be the first," the Vulcan returned, a soft voiced threat. He twisted Kirk's arms behind his back, his body pressing tightly against the warm flesh, rubbing two hard cocks against two hard, tight bellies. "You shall stay with me tonight, Captain, and my pleasure will be yours."